CHARLES STARRETT as
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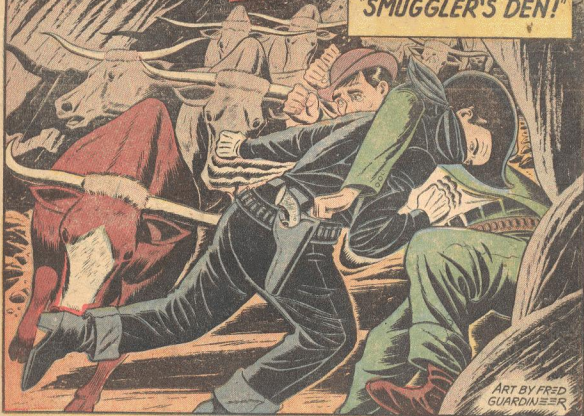
the
DURANGO KID
DURANGO KID
NO.20
FBG

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID. Dec-Jan. 1953. Vol. 1, No. 20. Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publication and subscription office, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Executive, Editorial and Subscription Office, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Entered as second-class December 19, 1949 at the post office at New York, N. Y. Subscription in the U. S. A. $1.50 for 12 issues; other countries, $2.00.

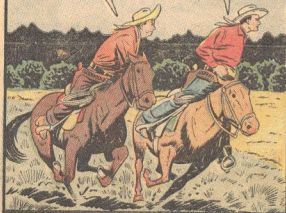
The DURANGO KID

STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE BUY MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY PURCHASED A CATTLE RANCH!
THEY PAY A HARD PRICE OF DANGER AND SIGN THE DEED IN BLOOD AS **DURANGO** RIDES TO THE TUNE OF FLAMING SIX-GUNS ALONG A BITTER TRAIL TO THE

"SMUGGLER'S DEN!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

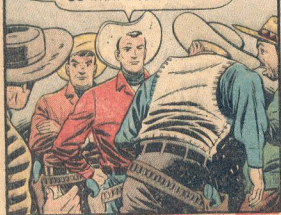
BIG NEWS! STEVE AND MULEY HAVE BOUGHT A RANCH!

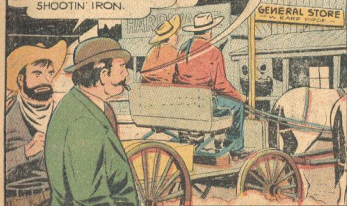
WELL, MULEY-THERE SHE IS- **THE LAZY X!** THERE'S ALL OUR LIFE-SAVINGS, PAL!

DAW-GONE, EF SHE AIN'T JEST AS PURTY AS THUH MAN SAID! WE DONE WAITED A LONG, LONG SPELL FER THIS, PARDNER!

BUT - INSIDE THE RANCHHOUSE...!
THIS IS THUH LIFE, ALL RIGHT. THUH BOSS SHORE WUZ USIN' THUH OL' BEAN ON THIS JOB.
YEAH - SMART! WE SQUAT ON THIS OL' ABANDONED RANCH AN' USE IT TUH HIDE THUH CATTLE WE SMUGGLE IN FROM OVER THUH BORDER...

WELL, I'LL
WHO IN
ARE YOU
WHUT THUH -! WHO IN TARNATION ARE YOU?

WE JUST OWN THIS SPREAD, THAT'S ALL! JUST BOUGHT IT. AND TRAVELLING COWBOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, GENTS, AT THE LAZY X - AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE! SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

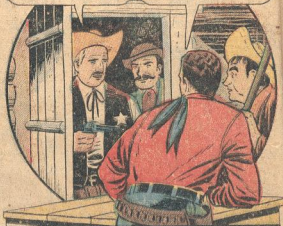
SHOOTIN'S MUH GAME, HOMBRE! YI!!!!!
TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME, MISTER!
BANG!

NOW - REACH FOR AIR! ALL OF YOU! AND START TALKING - FAST!

GOTCHA!
SLICK WORK, TENNESSEE! GUNWHIP THET OTHER HOMBRE AN' LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR! WE GOTTA REPORT THIS TUH THUH BOSS!

I DUNNO. 'PEARS MIGHTY STRANGE TUH ME. THUH LAZY X BEIN' RIGHT NEXT TUH THUH BORDER - WONDER EF THEM STRANGERS FIGGER TUH RUN SMUGGLED CATTLE ACROSS THUH LINE?

N EXPRESS

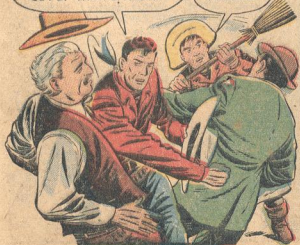
STONY FORK

LATE THAT NIGHT–IN THE RANCH HOUSE OF THE LAZY X...
A LITTLE MORE FIXIN' UP AN' THIS PLACE IS GONNA LOOK DOWNRIGHT PURTY, PARDNER.
YES. BUT YOU KNOW–I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THOSE BADHAT SQUATTERS WE TANGLED WITH YESTERDAY. WONDER WHAT THEIR GAME WAS...?

ALL RIGHT, YUH SMUGGLIN' RANNIES–REACH! YUH'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!
WHA-A-A-T? WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHERIFF? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!

OH NO? I JEST FOUND FOUR SMUGGLED MEXICAN STEERS HID IN THUH HILLS ON YORE RANGE. YORE LAZY X BRAND WAS PLASTERED OVER THE OLD MEXICAN BURN!
AN' A DURN CLUMSY JOB O' BRANDBLOTTIN' EF I SAY SO MUHSELF!

I TELL YOU IT'S A PLANT, SHERIFF–BUT I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH YOU. I'LL GET MY HAT...
YEAH! GRAB YORE SOMBRERO AN' START MOVIN'!

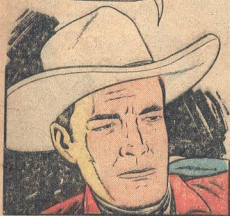
OKAY, SHERIFF–I'LL START MOVING!
WHUT THUH...!

SORRY, SHERIFF–BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS FOR NOW!
OH NO YUH DON'T, HOMBRE!

COME ON, PARDNER–LET'S GET OUT FAST!
RIGHT BEHIND YUH, STEVIE!
4

THIS IS GREAT—TWO NIGHTS ON OUR OWN RANCH AN' WE'RE **OUTLAWS!** GOODBYE, LAZY X—AN' ALL OUR SAVIN'S! *HEY!* WHUT THUH HECK WE RUNNIN' FER EF WE'RE *INNERCENT?*

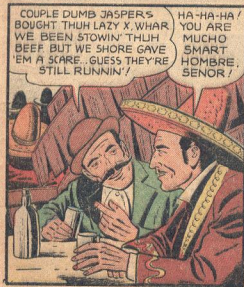
DON'T RECKON WE'LL GET MUCH CHANCE TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE ***IN JAIL,*** PARDNER!

...AND THAT SHERIFF DIDN'T LOOK SMART ENOUGH TO LATCH ON TO THE ***REAL*** FACTS. THIS TIES IN WITH THOSE BADHATS WHO GUNWHIPPED US YESTERDAY. THERE'S BEEF SMUGGLING GOING ON AROUND HERE...!

...AND IF THE SMUGGLED CATTLE COMES FROM MEXICO—WHY THEN, ***MEXICO'S*** *THE PLACE TO LOOK!*

A FEW DAYS LATER—IN A TINY MEXICAN TOWN JUST OVER THE BORDER...
AH, SENOR BALSER! YOU ARE MANY DAYS LATE, AMIGO!
COULDN'T HELP IT, RAMANO. WE RAN INTO SOME RUMPUS.

COUPLE DUMB JASPERS BOUGHT THUH LAZY X, WHAR WE BEEN STOWIN' THUH BEEF BUT WE SHORE GAVE 'EM A SCARE...GUESS THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN'!

HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE MUCHO SMART HOMBRE, SENOR!

I STILL WANT YORE BEEF, RAMANO. I HAVE THUH CASH WITH ME.
EXCELLENTO! I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT.. AND I WILL DELIVER THE LONGHORNS MYSELF TONIGHT, THROUGH OUR SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE BORDER!

I RECKON THAT'S *IT*, PARDNER! THET'S THUH HOMBRE WHO WUZ WITH THUH SHERIFF COUPLE NIGHTS AGO.
YOU SKIP OVER THE BORDER AND GET THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, MULEY. I'M GOING TO TRAIL BALSER AND LOCATE THAT TUNNEL.
THAT SLEAZY SMUGGLER'S GOING TO TANGLE WITH **THE DURANGO KID**-*TONIGHT!*

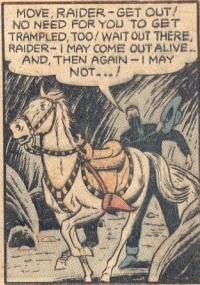
LATE THAT NIGHT...
SO! EASY RAIDER THERE THEY GO INTO THAT TUNNEL. I'D *NEVER* HAVE FOUND IT IF I HADN'T TRAILED THEM...

HERE GOES! SOFTLY, RAIDER.. SOFTLY...

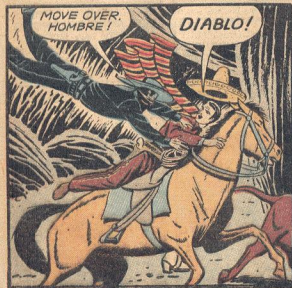
BUT!
SHHHH! HEY, BOSS - I HEAR HOOFBEATS BEHIND US. WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!
EASY-KEEP MOVIN' LIKE YUH DON'T KNOW. WE'LL MEET THUH REST O'THUH GANG AT THUH OTHER SIDE AN' WE'LL BE READY FER 'IM-WHOEVER HE IS!

AT THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, BALSER ALERTS HIS GANG AND...
OKAY, BOYS-**FIRE!**
BANG
BANG BANG

HMMMM - THOUGHT SO! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE - AND THERE'S NOT A BIT OF COVER OUT THERE!

WHAT'S THAT! BLAZES- CATTLE COMING THROUGH- FAST! I'LL BE TRAMPLED!

MOVE, RAIDER - GET OUT! NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET TRAMPLED, TOO! WAIT OUT THERE, RAIDER - I MAY COME OUT ALIVE.. AND, THEN AGAIN - I MAY NOT...!

ONLY ONE CHANCE- ONLY ONE CHANCE!

IF ONLY MY FINGERNAILS HOLD OUT! CAN'T... CAN'T HANG ON MUCH LONGER...

MOVE OVER, HOMBRE!
DIABLO!

HOWDY, RAMANO - SEEN ANYTHIN' IN THAR OF A HOMBRE IN A BLACK SHIRT AN' HAT? EXPECT HE'S PURTY SQUASHED UP- YUH MIGHTA MISSED HIM!
YEAH, HIS BRONC CAME OUT, BUT HE'S IN THAR- DAID FER SHORE!
7

LOOKING FOR ME GENTS ?... HIIIII, RAIDER!
YIIIII!
IT'S THUH DURANGO KID! I HEARD O' HIM!

GOOD BOY, RAIDER!
YIIII - WHUT SHOOTIN'!

I KNOW HOW TO USE BOTH ENDS OF THIS GUN, GENTLEMEN!

LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR! THIS GUY'S DYNAMITE!

NAW, YUH DON'T, HOMBRES! THUH LAW TOOK SOME TIME TUH WISE UP TUH YUH AN' IT AIN'T GONNA LET YUH GIT AWAY!

YOU'LL FIND THE MEXICAN HALF OF THIS SMUGGLING RING TIED UP IN THE TUNNEL, SHERIFF.
GUESS I SHORE HAD MULEY HERE AN' HIS PAL FIGGERED OUT WRONG, DURANGO. BUT IF YOU'RE ON THEIR SIDE, I'M RIGHT TICKLED TUH HAVE 'EM FER NEIGHBORS AN' FRIENDS!

RECKON THESE STEERS JEST DON'T BELONG TO NOBODY ANY MORE. EF MULEY AN' HIS SIDEKICK PAY THE BORDER TAX, I GUESS THESE LONGHORNS WOULD BE A GOOD START FER THEIR RANCH!
SOUNDS MIGHTY PURTY TUH ME, SHERIFF!
THE END

WRESTLING ENCYCLOPEDIA

An Extravaganza of The Mat World
All Wrestling Personalities Parade
"Before Your Very Eyes"

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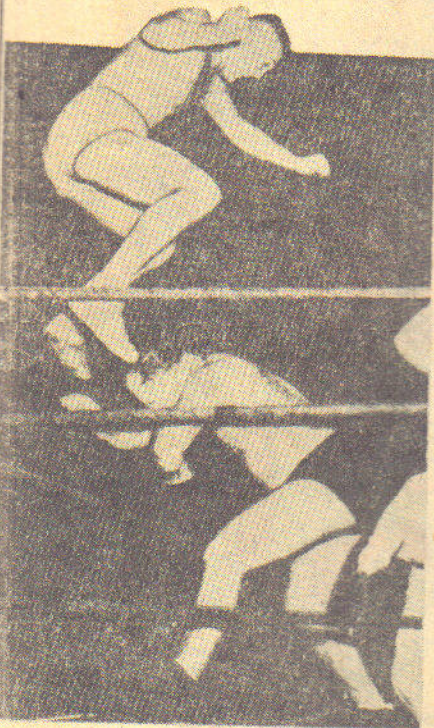
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The DURANGO KID

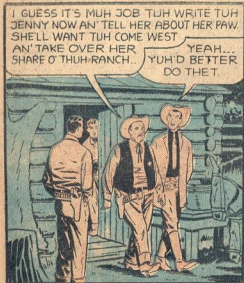
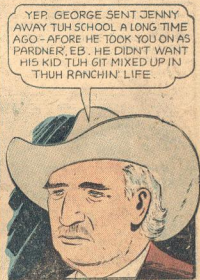
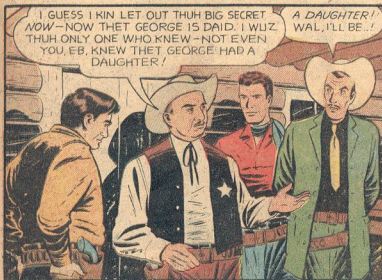
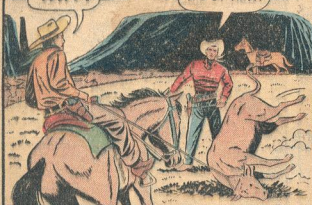
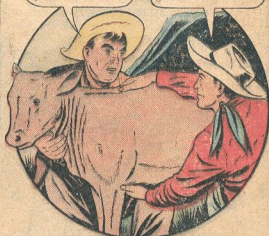
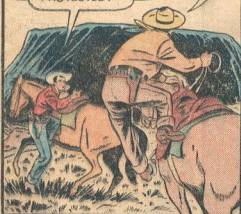
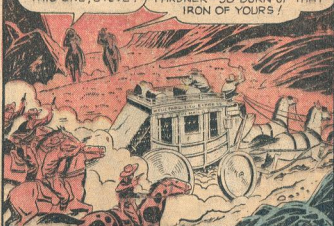
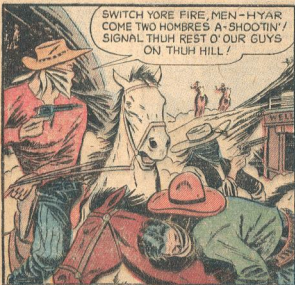
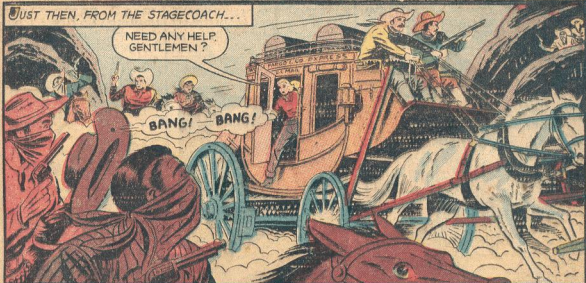
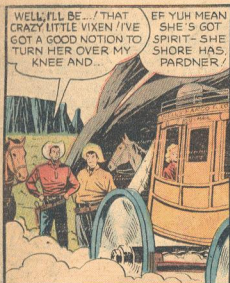
THE DURANGO KID SLAPS LEATHER TO DEFEND A HELPLESS GIRL FROM WHAT COULD BE CERTAIN MURDER...BUT FINDS SURPRISE IN THE SADDLE WHEN

"THE LADY SHOOTS A HOT IRON!"

BANG!

BANG!

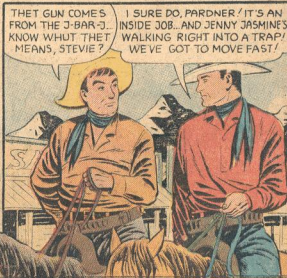
FRED GUARDINEER

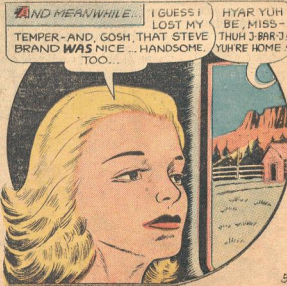
TARNATION! I DIDN'T RECKON ON OL' GEORGE HAVIN' A DAUGHTER AN' *HEIRESS* WHEN I KILLED 'IM! BY JASPER-I DIDN'T FIGGER TUH SHARE THET RANCH WITH GEORGE AN' I SHORE AS BLAZES AIN'T GONNA SHARE IT WITH HIS *DAUGHTER*!

A FEW WEEKS LATER...
JEST CAIN'T FIGGER IT OUT, STEVE - WHO KILLED GEORGE JASMINE AN' WHY?
THAT "WHY?" IS IMPORTANT, MULEY. IF ROBBERY WASN'T THE MOTIVE, THEN THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER, TOO. THE RATS MIGHT TRY TO GET RID OF HER!

HEY! THET REMINDS ME - THUH KID'S DUE ON TODAY'S STAGE!
HOLY SMOKE! IT OUGHT TO BE PASSING STONE GAP BY NOW!

LET'S GO! I DON'T KNOW IF THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER OR NOT, BUT IT'S BEST TO RIDE OUT AND MAKE SURE SHE'S PROTECTED!
RIGHT YUH ARE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
YUH SHORE CALLED THIS ONE, STEVE!
I HAD A FEELING THAT LITTLE KID'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER. LET'S GO! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, PARDNER - SO BURN UP THAT IRON OF YOURS!

SWITCH YORE FIRE, MEN - HYAR COME TWO HOMBRES A-SHOOTIN'! SIGNAL THUH REST O' OUR GUYS ON THUH HILL!

YIII! THEY GOT MEN ON THET HILL YONDER! WE'RE CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE - LOOKS BAD, STEVIE!
KEEP MOVING! IF ONLY WE HAD ANOTHER MAN TO KEEP THE OWLIES ON THAT HILL PINNED DOWN, WE COULD HANDLE THE OTHERS...
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

I DON'T KNOW WHY, MISS, BUT WHOEVER KILLED YOUR FATHER IS AFTER YOO, TOO. YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER. UNTIL WE CLEAR THIS UP, I'D ADVISE THAT YOU STICK CLOSE TO US AND THE SHERIFF FOR PROTECTION...

WELL, I'LL BE...! THAT CRAZY LITTLE VIXEN! I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO TURN HER OVER MY KNEE AND...
EF YUH MEAN SHE'S GOT SPIRIT- SHE SHORE HAS, PARDNER!

JUST THE SAME, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HOT-HEADED DAME STOP ME... THERE'S **GOT** TO BE SOME CLUE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GUN- I SHOT IT OUT OF ONE OF THOSE OWLHOOT'S HANDS...

THIS HAMMER HAS BEEN REPAIRED- AND NOT SO LONG AGO!
EF *THET* AIN'T NO CLUE, I'LL BE GREASED FER A HOG! LET'S TAKE IT IN TUH THUH TOWN BLACKSMITH.

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

SHORE I REMEMBER FIXIN' THIS GUN STEVE. IT WUZ JEST LAST WEEK...ONE O' THUH HANDS UP AT THE J-BAR-J BROUGHT IT IN.
THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW, BLACKY. THANKS A MILLION

THET GUN COMES FROM THE J-BAR-J... KNOW WHUT THET MEANS, STEVIE?
I SURE DO, PARDNER! IT'S AN INSIDE JOB...AND JENNY JASMINE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO A TRAP! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

AND IF JENNY JASMINE DOESN'T WANT STEVE BRAND TO MIX INTO HER AFFAIRS...THEN **THE DURANGO KID** WILL!
GOOD LUCK, STEVE- IT'S TIME DURANGO TOOK A HAND AROUND HYAR ANYWAY!

AND MEANWHILE...

I GUESS I LOST MY TEMPER- AND, GOSH, THAT STEVE BRAND **WAS** NICE ... HANDSOME, TOO...
HYAR YUH BE, MISS- THUH J-BAR-J! YUH'RE HOME!

I'M EB SCARTH, YORE PAW'S PARTNER, MISS JASMINE - AN' YUH KIN JUST LEAVE EVERYTHIN' TUH ME.
NOW, LOOK HERE, MR. SCARTH...
...LET'S UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I'LL HAVE NONE OF THIS NONSENSE ABOUT MY BEING "JUST A WOMAN"! IF WE'RE PARTNERS, I'LL DO HALF THE WORK AS WELL AS TAKE HALF THE PROFITS! THIS WILL BE 50-50- RIGHT DOWN THE LINE!
WRONG, JENNY! I DIDN'T FIGGER TUH SPLIT 50-50 WITH YORE PAW AN' I DON'T RECKON TUH DIVVY WITH YOU! I WANT THUH WHOLE RANCH! GRAB 'ER, MEN!
YOU- YOU KILLED MY DAD!
I'LL GET YOU, YOU...!
GRAB 'ER QUICK!
NAW, YUH DON'T LADY!
YIIIII!.. SHE'S A WILDCAT! WE NEED MORE MEN!
HOLD 'ER OFF, YUH BUMS, SO I KIN GIT A SHOT AT 'ER!
YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT THAT KILLER'S GUN ANYMORE, EB SCARTH!
YIIIII! WHO'N BLAZES ARE YOU?

THE DURANGO KID, MISTER - FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE! GLAD TO MEET ME?
I SHORE AIN'T- GNNNG!
I WANT ALL OF YOU - FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE JASMINE AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF JENNY JASMINE! DOES THAT CHARGE RING A BELL IN YOUR EMPTY SKULLS?
BOYNNG
NO, YOU DON'T MISTER-I'M IN THIS FIGHT, TOO!
YEOW!
NICE SHOOTING, JENNY!
BANG!
AND NOW - FOR A LITTLE MATTER OF REVENGE!
NO, NO-DON'T. DON'T!
NO, JENNY - NOT THAT WAY! TWO CRIMES DON'T MAKE THINGS RIGHT LET A JURY AND JUDGE DECIDE SCARTH'S FATE!
I-I-GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DURANGO- (SOB!) TAKE HIM AWAY - OUT OF MY SIGHT!
MY FIRST DAY HOME - AND WHAT A DAY! ANYWAY THERE ARE TWO STRONG MEN TO HELP ME - DURANGO AND STEVE BRAND. THEY'RE REALLY A LOT ALIKE ... IF ONLY I COULD SEE DURANGO'S FACE! HE HAS NICE HAIR LIKE STEVE'S ... HMMMM ...
THE END

Dan Brand and Tipi

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO CRASH THE MIGHTY FORTRESS WALLS — THE WAY THAT CAME FROM THE DIM MEMORY OF ANCIENT TIMES — THE WAY OF "THE TROJAN HORSE"

BUT AS THE TWO FRIENDS RACE FOR THE CLIFF...
I WONDER IF DAN KNOWS THAT— ONCE WE JUMP INTO THAT RIVER— WE'LL BE EASY TARGETS FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES? SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STAY BACK AND KEEP THE ENEMY TOO BUSY TO SHOOT...!
I THINK ONLY ONE OF US CAN MAKE THIS ESCAPE...!

GO AHEAD, DAN— YOU JUMP FIRST! MAPA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NO, LITTLE BROTHER, IT'S YOU WHO WILL GO FIRST— EVEN IF I HAVE TO THROW YOU OVER!

GOODBYE! GOODBYE, LITTLE BROTHER!
DAN! NO! NO!

TIPI CRASHES INTO THE WATER AND STRUGGLES TO KEEP AFLOAT IN THE SWIFT CURRENT THAT CARRIES HIM RAPIDLY AWAY. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE...
DAN! DAN! OH, DAN!

TIPI IS CARRIED FAR DOWNSTREAM BY THE RAGING CURRENT. FINALLY HE BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE BANK AND...
I MUST GET BACK UP THERE— I CAN'T LEAVE DAN ALONE TO FACE THEM (SOB) WE'LL FIGHT AND (SOB) DIE TOGETHER!

TOO LATE! THEY GOT HIM! BUT— DEAD OR ALIVE...?

IF ALIVE, I MUST GET HIM FREE EVEN IF IT TAKES MY LIFE! IF (SOB) DEAD, I MUST GET BACK HIS BODY— SO THAT THE BRITISH AND THE ONANDAGAS WILL NOT DISGRACE IT!

IN EITHER CASE— REVENGE ON THAT TRAITOR, SI BANNIS! BUT BANNIS IS CLEVER—I CAN BARELY FOLLOW THIS TRAIL...

THE ONANDAGA VILLAGE! BUT HOW TO GET IN? THEY HAVE BUILT THEIR PALISADES HIGH AND STRONG AND THERE ARE MANY SENTRIES. I CAN NOT DO IT ALONE... WHAT SHALL I DO? WHAT SHALL I DO?

MY OWN TRIBE! THAT'S IT! THEY WILL BE GLAD TO HELP! THE CATAWBA CAMP IS NEARBY AND THE BROTHER OF MY FATHER IS CHIEF!

HOURS LATER, TIPI IS IN THE CATAWBA CAMP...
SO! OUR BELOVED DAN BRAND, DEAD OR ALIVE, IS IN THE VILLAGE OF THE ONANDAGA— OUR HEREDITARY ENEMIES! AND THAT DOG OF A BANNIS IS THERE, TOO! ASSEMBLE THE BRAVES! GATHER THE CLANS! WE ATTACK!

NEXT MORNING, AS DAWN CRACKS OPEN THE SKY!
FORWARD, BRAVES! FOR DAN BRAND AND OUR HONOR!
AIIIEEEE!!
3

DON'T HESITATE, BRAVES! FOLLOW ME— UP AND OVER!
WATCH OUT, BROTHER— YOU ARE TOO RECKLESS!

DIE, CATAWBA DOG!
NOT YET ONANDOGA PIG!
PUSH AWAY THEIR LADDERS!

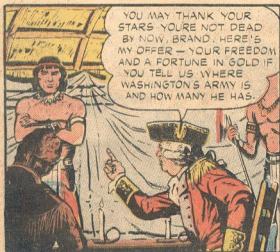
SHOOT, BRAVES! SHOOT, MY BROTHERS— COVER OUR RETREAT!

QUICKLY, GRAB OUR LITTLE BROTHER! BACK, BACK— MOVE BACK TO SAFETY, CATAWBAS— BACK TO THE TREES!

THE CATAWBAS MAKE A QUICK WITHDRAWAL TO THE LINE OF TREES...
IT IS NO USE, LITTLE SON OF MY BROTHER — THE ONANDAGA WALLS ARE HIGH AND STRONG AND THE ENEMY IS MANY! IT CANNOT BE DONE. MY HEART IS FULL OF PAIN...

DEFEAT IS BITTER, LITTLE ONE — BUT EVERY REAL MAN MUST LEARN ITS TASTE. FAREWELL— SOMEDAY, PERHAPS...

WAIT! WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! IT MUST WORK! LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN...!
HMMM... SO THAT'S YOUR PLAN! I DON'T KNOW... A TROJAN HORSE, YOU SAY?
PLEASE! LET'S TRY IT! IT WORKED ONCE. DAN TOLD ME ABOUT IT... AN ANCIENT LEGEND ABOUT A TRIBE OF WHITE MEN WHO LIVED MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO IN THE CITY OF TROY...

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE ONANDAGA VILLAGE...
WELL, BANNIS, YOUR PLAN WORKED.
I TOLD YE IT WOULD! AN' YE KIN COUNT ON MY ONANDAGAS, TOO! THEY'LL GET YOU AN' YOUR SQUAD O' MEN BACK HOME AS SOON AS THAT CATAWBA ATTACK IS OVER...

YOU MAY THANK YOUR STARS YOU'RE NOT DEAD BY NOW, BRAND. HERE'S MY OFFER — YOUR FREEDOM AND A FORTUNE IN GOLD IF YOU TELL US WHERE WASHINGTON'S ARMY IS AND HOW MANY HE HAS.

I PREFER DEATH TO TREASON! THERE'S MY ANSWER! GIVE YOUR DIRTY MONEY TO BANNIS— HE EARNED IT!

BLAZES! YOU'VE INSULTED HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM! YOU'LL GET THE DEATH YOU PREFER, YOU REBEL DOG! YOU'LL DIE AT DAWN — BY MY FIRING SQUAD — THE DEATH OF A TRAITOR TO THE THRONE! TAKE HIM AWAY!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN...
DAWN AND THE CATAWBA IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT. THEY MUST HAVE GIVEN UP THE ATTACK — BUT WHAT IS THAT?
A FIGURE OF A HORSE — A HUGE ONE! A HORSE — MADE OF LOGS AND SKINS! WHAT CAN IT MEAN...?
5

THE CATAWBA HAS RETREATED. IT IS SAFE—LET US GO FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT HORSE!
BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT? CAN IT BE THAT THEY LEFT IT FOR US—AS A TROPHY OF THEIR DEFEAT!

SO IT IS! THEY HAVE LEFT IT FOR US AS A TROPHY! LET US TAKE IT INTO OUR VILLAGE AND CELEBRATE!
THE CATAWBA IS A CLEVER CRAFTSMAN—SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY THIS HORSE IS MADE! COME, ROLL IT THROUGH THE GATES!

?
NOW WHAT KIND OF A CONTRAPTION IS THAT? ALL RIGHT, MEN— STOP YOUR GAWKING AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE EXECUTION OF THIS REBEL!

BUT, SUDDENLY, FROM THE RAMPARTS COMES A CRY FROM THE SENTRIES!
A TRICK! THE CATAWBA HIDES IN THE WOODS! HE IS ATTACKING AGAIN!
QUICK, BRAVES! LEAVE THE HORSE! EVERY-ONE TO THE WALL!

AND, SUDDENLY, FROM INSIDE THE HORSE...
QUICK, MY BRAVES! NOW IS THE TIME! THERE IS DAN!

TIPI! TIPI! THAT WAS BRILLIANT, LITTLE BROTHER! QUICKLY— FREE ME!
YI!! III!

TIPI AND HIS BRAVES QUICKLY OVERCOME THE BRITISH SQUAD. DAN'S BONDS ARE CUT, AND...
WE HAVE TIMED IT SO OUR BROTHERS NOW ATTACK!
QUICKLY— TO THE GATES! OPEN THEM UP! SPEED- SURPRISE— THAT'S WHAT COUNTS NOW! MOVE FAST, BROTHERS!

COME IN, BROTHERS— COME IN! WE HAVE MADE YOU WELCOME!
AND COME IN FIGHTING!

THE DEFEAT OF THE PREVIOUS DAY HAS GIVEN THE CATAWBAS PLENTY OF REASON FOR FIGHTING HARD!
SWEEP THROUGH THE VILLAGE!
YOU SEE, CHIEF, IT WORKED!
BY MY ANCESTORS, IT DID! THE WOODEN HORSE IS NOW A PART OF OUR LEGENDS, TOO! THIS DAY BRINGS US GLORY!

SURPRISED, SPLIT UP AND OUT-BATTLED, THE ONANDAGAS SOON SURRENDER...
IF YOU WILL NOT HELP US, THEN YOU MUST NOT HELP THE BRITISH. DO YOU AGREE TO THIS, ONANDAGA?
AGREED! WE WILL BE NEUTRAL —AND ONLY TOO GLAD. IT IS ALL THE FAULT OF THAT DOG OF A SI BANNIS WHO DESERTED US WHEN THE FIGHTING GOT HARD.

HIS TONGUE WAS SMOOTH AND HE TALKED OILY WORDS. HE MADE US PROMISES OF GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS IF WE WOULD WORK WITH HIM.
A TRAITOR TO ONE IS A TRAITOR TO ALL. NOW YOU KNOW, ONANDAGA.

SOMEDAY WE WILL CATCH UP TO SI BANNIS AND THEN WE WILL SETTLE THE SCORE FOR ALL TIME.
AMEN TO THAT, DAN!
THE END

FIGHTING MAN

TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and scowled fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black-painted warriors astride them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight! I will be grey and wrinkled and weak, like He-ty-oka!"

Kicking at the dust, he walked past his father's scalp stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day. . . .

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope picket line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and shinny and snow snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chapa and Hehaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gnarly limbs of ocotilla, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quickened. Takowa lifted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent, harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then *whose*?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked, and he sputtered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pinon-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bowstring. At such a distance he looked to the onriding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when those black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thunking into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herds. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chapa and Hehaka were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With gutteral shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hideously. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—loosed secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yapping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young whelps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timbers, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the *malpais*.

Looking down, they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipis and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in grisly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers! Yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chapa and Hehaka at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man *every hour of the day!*

The DURANGO KID
THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH GOLD IS THAT IT'S MIGHTY HARD STUFF TO HOLD ON TO! BUT MULEY FINDS THAT IT'S EVEN TOUGHER TO HOLD ON TO HIS LIFE IN "MULEY PIKE'S BIG GOLD RUSH!"
OKAY, BULL-SLING HIM OVER! NOW THUH GOLD MINE'LL BE ALL OURS!
FRED GUARDINEER

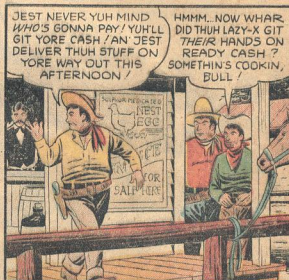
ONE DAY, AS MULEY CHASES A MAVERICK CALF...
YEOW!
DOGGONIT! SOMEPIN'S THUH MATTER WITH THUH GROUND HYAR - I SWEAR MUH HOSS'S FOOT SUNK RIGHT THROUGH...

WHUT THUH - A CAVE-IN! YEOW!

HEY-THIS MUST BE SOME KIND O'ABANDONED MINE! WONDER WHUT KIND O' STUFF WUZ IN HYAR? I'LL LOOK AROUND AND...

GOLD! GOLD! REAL GOLD NUGGETS!
A GOLD MINE RIGHT ON THUH LAZY-X RANCH! GOLLY-NO MORE WORK-JEST A-SITTIN' AND A-DREAMIN' AND A-SLEEPIN'! WE'RE **RICH!**

I'LL POP THUH WHOLE THING TUH STEVE AS A BIG SURPRISE! I'LL GIT INTUH TOWN AN' BUY ALL THUH THINGS STEVE WANTED-I JEST CAIN'T WAIT TUH SEE 'IS FACE!
YIPPEEE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
I'LL TAKE THEM TWO FANCY CALIFORNIA SADDLES WITH THUH SILVER TRIMMIN'S AN' THROW IN THREE O' THUH MOST EXPENSIVE BEAR RUGS YUH GOT. GIMME A COUPLE O' ROCKIN' CHAIRS AN...
HEY-WHO'S GONNA PAY FER ALL THIS STUFF?
CRACKERS 5¢ LB
JEST NEVER YUH MIND *WHO'S* GONNA PAY! YUH'LL GIT YORE CASH! AN' JEST DELIVER THUH STUFF ON YORE WAY OUT THIS AFTERNOON!
HMMM...NOW WHAR DID THUH LAZY-X GIT *THEIR* HANDS ON READY CASH? SOMETHIN'S COOKIN, BULL!
NEST EGG
FOR SALE HERE

LET'S FOLLOW 'IM! MUST BE SOME WAY TUH GIT OUR PAWS ON SOME O' THET EASY MONEY, TOO!
YEAH-WE'RE SHORE HURTIN' FER AN EASY TOUCH. OWLHOOTIN' JEST AIN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE **THE DURANGO KID** SHOWED UP AROUND HYAR.
HOTEL

I JEST HAD TUH SNEAK ANOTHER LOOK-GOLLY, WHUT *BEEOOOTIFUL* SHINY GOLD!

GOLD! LET'S PLUG 'IM AN... MMMFFF..
NIX, YUH DOPE! YUH'RE ALWAYS TOO FAST WITH THET SHOOTIN' IRON! IT'S SMARTER TUH FOLLY HIM AN' SEE WHAR HE'S GETTIN' THET GOLD!
HOTEL

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
HYAR'S HIS GOLD MINE, ALL RIGHT. HE'S TRYIN' TUH COVER IT UP WITH BRANCHES.
OKAY, BULL-THIS IS IT!

WHUT THUH-?!?

KIN I PLUG 'IM NOW, BRAINS?
NO, YUH DOPE! WE GOTTA MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! - WE DON'T WANT ANYBODY TUH GIT SUSPICIOUS. WITH THIS JASPER OUTA THUH WAY, THE GOLD MINE'S ALL OURS!

NOW-THAR'S A STEEP CLIFF. WOULDN'T IT BE JEST TOO BAD EF THIS HOMBRE FELL OFF IT? NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!

YUH SHORE GOT BRAINS, BRAINS!
HEY, NIX-NIX!

BUT-A MOMENT LATER...
THET TREE SHORE CUSHIONED MY FALL-WHUT LUCK! NOW I GOTTA GIT OUTA HYAR!

BUT-ON TOP OF THE CLIFF..
THET'S FUNNY-I DIDN'T HEAR NO THUD! LET'S LOOK OVER!
HE AIN'T KILT! LEMME PLUG 'IM NOW!
NIX, YUH DOPE! LET'S ROLL THET BOULDER DOWN ON HIM- NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THET!

OKAY- NOW!

BUT-A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE BOULDER LANDS.
YEEOW- ANOTHER CAVE-IN!

AN' JEST IN TIME! JUMPIN' GOPHERS, THET CAVE-IN SAVED MUH LIFE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS-I GOTTA GIT OUTA HYAR FAST!

THET BOULDER SHORE FINISHED 'IM OFF! WUZN'T EVEN NUTHIN' LEFT O' HIM TUH SEE!
RIGHT! NOW NOBODY KNOW 'BOUT THIS GOLD MINE 'CEPT US! LET'S START DIGGIN'! THET JASPER'S DAID, ALL RIGHT!

HOLY FLYIN' COYOTES! HE'S COME BACK TUH HAUNT US!
GULP! A-A- GHOST!

GHOSTS, GHOSTS! YI!!!...!!
I JUST AIN'T WAITIN' TUH SEE WHUT'LL HAPPEN THIS TIME! MOVE, FEET— MOVE!

HOLD ON, SHERIFF— IT'S MULEY! WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?
STEVE! SHERIFF! THAR'S OWLHOOTS TRYIN' TUH TAKE AWAY OUR GOLD MINE! DOZENS OF 'EM! I LICKED A FEW OF 'EM, BUT THEY WUZ TOO MANY FER ME...!

GOLD MINE? OWLHOOTS? WHAT GOLD MINE?
THEY AIN'T NO TIME T'EXPLAIN! THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY!

GRAB 'EM! AN' SAVE ME A COUPLE O'GOOD LICKS!
HIT'S THUH JONES BROTHERS - WANTED FER PETTY ROBBERY IN A DOZEN STATES! ALL RIGHT, BOYS - YUH KIN STOP RUNNIN' NOW!

OKAY, PARDNER-NOW START TALKING! WHAT ABOUT THAT GOLD MINE?
JUST FOLLY ME, GENTS!

GOLD? HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW! THET'S PYRITE-FOOL'S GOLD! AIN'T WORTH A PENNY! THET FAKE MINE'S BEEN MAKIN' A SUCKER OUTA GREENHORN PROSPECTORS FER TWENTY YEARS! YAK! YAK! YAK!

THAT NIGHT...
ALL RIGHT, PARDNER- YOU JUST LOAD THAT STUFF PRONTO AND TAKE IT BACK TO THE STORE!
GRUMBLE...GRUMBLE... WHY DON'T SOMETHIN' NICE HAPPEN TUH ME FER A CHANGE?
THE END

THREE WEEKS AND $1 MADE THIS "SAD SACK" HEP!

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

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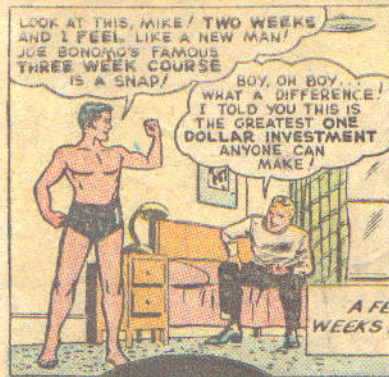
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